It will be remembered that Jefferson Davis not long before his death published a lucid and strong exposition of the constitutional doctrines to which his life had been devoted and with which his name will be inseparably assoelated. This sketch supplied material for a deliberate estimate of the statesman, but it cast only a faint light upon the man. He had also begun to dictate an autobiography, but silence fell on him, when only a few preliminary notes had been collected. That which he left unfinished, the pious hand of a woman has completed. It is to the wife who loved him that we owe the first and only adequate and authentic memoir of him who personifled the most stupendous and shattering upheaval that ever by a hair's breadth fell short of revolution. This touching memorial is something unique in history. It is as if the story of the mighty Carthaginian had, after the wreck at Zama been penned by his sister, that deep-eyed daughter of Hamilear, whom Flaubert essayed to paint; or as if Portis had outlived Philipp to construe aright the motives which had armed her husband against Casar; or as if that daughter Frances, who alone possesses the heart of Cromwell, had unmasked the human and the tender side of the inflexible Protector. More fortunate than they, the subject of this pathetic biography has found a revealer and interpreter in her that knew him best. A man he must have been in the largest, kindlest and most ompulsive sense of the word, or never would this tribute have been laid upon his grave.

This Memoir of Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States of America, by his Wife (New York, Belford Company), is comprised in two large octave volumes of some 700 pages each. For the moment we shall confine ourselves to the first volume, which carries the biography up to the hour when, on the secession of Mississippi, Mr. Davis took leave of the Federal Senate. It is from this volume that we obtain an answer to the question how it happened that the Senator from Mississippi was called to the Presidency of the new-born Confederacy by the almost unanimous voice of the Southern people. We shall see on what various and solid grounds the popular instinct was confirmed by the convictions of the best informed. We shall see that Mr. Davis had shown nearly equal aptitudes for executive officiency in civil and in military alfairs, that he had started with the double advantage of a civil and a military education; that to the qualifications of a soldier in the field he united the organizing sapacity of a War Minister: and that finally he was the recognized successor of Calboun as the expounder of that theory of the relation of Btates to the Union, which had been embodied not only in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798, but in the declarations of the Hartford Convention in 1814. From whatever point of view the elements of fitness might be considered, it was plain that Jefferson Davis was the predestined protagonist of armed se-That, at least, was the conclusion at which his fellow-countrymen promptly and spontaneously arrived, and which the narrative before us enables us to understand.

Jefferson Davis was born at Fairview. Todd county. Kentucky, on June 8, 1808. His grandfather. Evan Davis, had emigrated from Vales to Georgia soon after the foundation of that colony. He married a widow whose family name was Emory. By her he had one son, Samuel Davis, the father of the subject of this memoir. Not long after the outbreak of the Ravolutionary troubles Samuel Davis raised a company of foot in Georgia, marched to the relief of Savannah, and continued to fight on the patriot side until the termination of the struggle. After the war he married in South Carolina a young lady named Jane Cook. whose personal beauty must have been remarkable, seeing that she retained clear traces of it in extreme old age. Students of the influences of heredity will not be likely to overlook the fact that Mrs. Samuel Davis was of the Scotch-Irish stock, of which Patrick Henry Andrew Jackson, and John C. Calhoun were offshoots. It is also an interesting circumstance that Jefferson Davis was the youngest of ten children, and we may add that of his four elder brothers three bore arms in the war of 1812.

Soon after the birth of Jefferson Davis his father removed from Kentucky to Mississippi, and bought a plantation in Wilkinson county, occupies the southwestern corner of the last-named State. In the autobiographical notes which the subject of this memoir dictated during his last illness he recounts how his first tuition had been gained in a log cabin school house. At the age of through the so-called wilderness-the country of the Choctaw and Chicasaw nations-to Ken tucky, where he was placed at a Catholic school of some pretensions, known as St. Thomas's, pear Springfield. On the way the party which had the boy in charge stayed some weeks at the Hermitage with Gen Jackson who had just won the victory at New Orleans. Child as he was young Davis made some observations which deserve to be chronicled. "I remember." he says, "that the General always said grace at his table, and I never heard him utter an oath." Nor would be allow young Davis and his adopted son, a boy of the same age, to wrestle, for, he said, to allow hands to be put on one another might lead to a fight. The child's ever also noticed that Mrs. Jabk son, against whom undeserved slanders were to be inunched, was singularly amiable, un selfish, and affectionate.

The rest of Mr. Davis's preparatory education was obtained at various scademies i Mississippi, from which he was transferred to the Transylvania University at Lexington Ky., which fortunately had for its professor of classical languages a graduate of Trinity Col lege, Dublin. At this institution Mr Davis acquired a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin and learned, he tells us, a little of algebra geometry, and trigonometry, as well as of his tory and philosophy. He now intended to proceed to the University of Virginia, but in 1823 he was appointed to a cadetship in the West Point Military Academy. Here he remained for four years, and upon graduation was made. as the custom is, brevet Second Lieutenant, Being assigned to the infantry, he was ordered to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Here one must pause to record the interesting circumstance that Albert Sidney Johnston, like Mr. Davis, had gone from the Transvivanta University to West Point, only a little earlier. The incident, as we learn from the autobiographical notes, formed a link between the two young men, and began a friendship which grew as years rolled by, strengthened by after associations in the army, and which, said Mr. of the greatest and best characters that I have ever known." Prefixed to this volume is a portrait of Mr. Davis at this time. There is much beauty as well as strength in the countenance. One can see why a fellow cadet should say of him: "Jefferson Davis was distinguished in the corps for his manly beauty his high-toned and lofty character. His figure was very soldier-like and rather robust, his step springy, resembling the treat of an Indian brave on the warpath."

From 1828 to 1884 Mr. Davis remained on the frontier, where he had many interesting ex-perionces, especially during the Black Hawk war. There occurred at this time an incident of striking suggestiveness, which is thus chronicled by an eyewitness, the Rev. Dr. Harsha of Omaha. When the Black Hawk war began, some lilinois militia companies prof-fered their services. "Two Lieutenants were fered their services. sent by Gen. Scott to Dixon, Ill., to muster n the new soldiers. One of these Lieutenants was a very fascinating young man, of easy manners and affable disposition; the other was equally slessent, but extremely modest. On the morn ing when the muster was to take place, a tall, Sanwky, slab-sided, homely young man, in a suit blue jeans, presented himself to the Lieu-

tenants as the Captain of the recruits, and was duly sworn. The homely young man was Abraham Lincoln. The bashful Lieutenant was se who afterward fired the first gun from Fort umter. The other Lieutenant, who administered the oath, was in after years the President of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis."

It is well known that Mr. Davis's first wife was a daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, and that her father was inexorably opposed to the marriage. The young lady had inherited, however, no small share of the General's decision of character. There was no elopement. but Miss Taylor deliberately and openly left her father's house for that of a relative, where the marriage presently took place. Alive to the discomforts of an army life, Mr. Davis resigned immediately after his marriage, and ook his wife to a plantation known as "The Brierfield," near his elder brother's place in Masissippi. Very soon after their arrival they were both stricken with malarial fever. The young wife soon succumbed to it. She drew her last sigh on Sept. 15, 1885, only a few months after her wedding day.

II. It was in his desolate home at "The Brierfield" during the eight years between 1835 and 1843 that Mr. Davis may be said to have acquired his political education, and to have formed the convictions, never to be surrendered, respecting the nature of the constitutional compact. He gave his days and nights to a study of the circumstances and conditions amid which the Federal organic law was framed: to the colonial history of the several States; to the old Articles of Confederation: to the debates (so far as they are reported) in the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, and in the State Conventions which discussed the wisdom or the expediency of adopting the proposed Constitution. He arrived at the conclusion that had a single advocate of the new compact dared to declare that, once accepted it would be indestructible, and that by it the right of secession would be annulled forever, not a State would have accepted it. Nor was he likely to forget that, only about a quarter of a century before. Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts standing forth in the House of Representatives, had proclaimed a State's right of secession to be inalienable, and, appealing from the decision of the Speaker who proconneed him out of order, had challenged and extorted the assent of a majority to his de-

dant proposition.

Having once defined and grounded his political opinions. Mr. Davis was ready to deliver the faith that was in him. He made his entrance into political life in 1843, when at the eleventh hour he was invited to become the emocratic candidate for Governor. He was defeated; but the next year, in the Polk and Dallas campaign, he was chosen one of the Presidential electors-at-large, and soon afterward he was elected to Congress, taking his seat in the House of Representatives in 1845. it was at this time that Mr. Davis married the lady who survives him-Miss Varina Howell, the daughter of Mr. W. B. Howell of "The Briers," near Natchez, and the descendant of family distinguished in American history. She was at least twenty years younger than her husband, and it is with singular interest that one marks her first impressions of him chronicled in a letter to her mother. "I know not," she wrote. "whether this Mr. Jesserson Davists young or old. He looks both at times: but I believe he is old, for from what I hear he is only two years younger than you are. He mpresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and he has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion. which offends me; yet he is most agreeable, and has a pecultarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself. The fact is, he is the kind of person I should expect to rescue one from a mad dog at any risk, but to insist upon a stolcal indifference to the fight afterward. I do not bink I shall ever like him as I do his brother Joe." One imagines that the wise mother drew different conclusion from the premises.

Mr. Davis took his girl wife with him to

Washington, and most illuminative and delightful are her reminiscences of the society of the time. In those days, also, there were great ladies in America though their habits and surroundings may have been less artistic and luxurious than are those of their successors. Mrs. Davis tells us that "Mrs. Bache and Mrs. Alexander Campbell of Philadelphia both sisters of Mr. George M. Dallas) were rare women of the stamp of Lady Palmerston. Age did not seem to dull their sympathies no impair their mental and moral qualities. Their wit and charm of manner placed them at 60 years of age only a few minutes behind the very prettiest girl in that very literary and delightful society." There were nice men. too; indeed, much nicer, if we may trust this chroniclor then are met with in these latter days The most delightful evening of my early youth," says Mrs. Davis, "was spent at Mr. Robert J. Walker's, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, talking with Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll and Mr. George M. Dallas, No. young men of this or any other day that I have seen ever equalled them. These two splendid creatures, finding themselves in charge of a very inexperienced young person. commenced to angle in the shallow stream for such sport as the green recesses might They talked to each other and to me of Byron and Wordsworth, of Dante and Virgil, and I remember the key they gave me to their tastes and temperamental divergence. Mr. Dallas said Wordsworth was the post of nature, and Mr. Ingersoli remarked that he bore the same relation to cultivated poetic manhood that Adam did to Goethe, and who, he said, would besitate a moment which to choose, if granted a day with either. Mr. Dallas immediately announced a preference for Adam on the ground that his mind was fresh from the storehouse of the Source of Knowledge. I ventured," continues Mrs. Davis, "to say that whether by sin or sorrow or observation of natural forces, I felt that, as man progressed, he became more interesting. whereupon Mr. Ingersoll laughingly said: You see, Mrs. Davis agrees with me that Cain was more aggressive and, therefore, more attractive than Abel, and the ladies in the land of Nod clearly were more agreeable than those of Eden." This was very good talk indeed, and Mrs. Davis is quite right in thinking that the degenerate grandsons of resplendent grandfathers would be quite distanced if they

There are two portraits in this volume for which, apart from its profound biographical and historical interest, it would have been well worth producing. They are the portraits of Calhoun and Webster, and it is noteworthy with what a firm yet delicate hand the linea-ments are etched. Mrs. Davis's people were realous Whigs, and it was, therefore, with no precistablished sympathy that she first beheld the great apostle of nullification and State rights. Yet she tells us that "when Mr. Calhoun, with head erect, cast his eagle eyes over the crowd. I felt like rising up to do homage to a king among men. His head was long rather than broad: the ears were placed low upon it; the depth from front to back was very great; his forehead was low, steep, and beetled squarely over the most glorious pair of yel-low-brown sbining eyes, that seemed to have a light inherent in themselves; they looked steadily out from under bushy evebrows that made the deep sockets look still more sunken. When excited, the pupils filled the iris and made his eyes seem black. He lowered them less than any one I have ever seen: they were steadily bent upon the object with which he was engaged; indeed, on some people they had almost a mesmeric power." Mrs. Davis goes onto tell us that Calboun" wore his thick hair all the same length and rather long, combed straight back from his forehead. This, with his brilliant eyes and unflinching gaze, gave his head the expression of an eagle s. His mouth was wide and straight; he rarely smiled, and the firm, square chin and grave manner made a personality striking in the extreme. He was tall and slonderly made, quick and alert in both speech and movement, but mind and body

were so equally and Trarely; adjusted to each

other that no dignity could be more supreme

than Mr. Calhoun's. His voice." she adds " was not musical; it was the voice of a professor of mathematics, and suited his didactic direcurse admirably. He made few gestures, but those norvous, gentlemanly hands seemed to point the way to empire. He always appeared to me rather as a moral and mental abstraction than as a politician, and it was impossible, knowing him well, to associate him with mere ambition. His theories and his sense of duty alone dominated him." On what other canvas does the figure of Calhoun start forth like this?

The portrait of Webster is not so much a finished picture as an outline, but is well worth reproducing "No words," says Mrs. Davis, "can describe the first impression be made upon me. I had heard of him, and spent long hours in reading aloud his speeches in the National Intelligencer when a mere child, and to see him was like looking at the Jungfrau or any other splendid natural phenomenon. There was no doubt as to where he sat, for the conviction of his identity was forced upon one when he turned his massive, overhanging forehead, with those great, speculative, observant eyes full of lambent fire. He was as careful as a woman about the delicate neat-ness of his attire. • • He, like Mr. Calhoun, always listened most attentively to any Senator who was speaking, but Mr. Webster, except when Mr. Calhoun or some other intellectual giant had the floor, had the air of protecting indulgence that a superior being might wear to an inferior. He was rarely offensive. but sometimes showed a dignified indulgence to weakness that was hard to bear. Voluble

he never was.' It will be convenient to consider Mr. Davis's Congressional work in connection with his long term of service in the Senate, to which body he was elected after his return from the Mexican war. To, this, and the equally im portant chapter of his preparatory life which deals with his military experience in Mexico we must devote a second article. M. W. H.

IRISH AND SCOTCH GARLIC

Prof. Mackinnon's Answer to the New York Gaelle Society's Letter. In the early part of last January THE SUN printed an account of the controversy between the Gaels of Ireland and the Gaels of Scotland regarding the purity of the Gaelie language written in the two countries. The Gaelic Sc clety of this city, representing the Gaels of Ireland, addressed a long letter to Donald MacKinnon, Professor of Gaelie in Edinburgh University, asking him to circulate an address to the Gaels of Scotland. in which the latter were taken to task for having aftered the Gaelic of their forefathers in an unwarrantable manner. It was said in this address that the common enemy of Ireland and Scotland, meaning evidently England, had conspired to alter the Scotch Gaelic during the last century so as o break down the friendship existing between the Scotch and Irish Gaels. Incidentally, it was alleged that the Duke of Argyle was not the only original Campbell. The address

wound up as follows:
"If there is a single spirited, honest man "If there is a single spirited, honest man among you let him speak out his mind clearly, and let him say shame on those who would ruin a language in order to please its enemy." Frof. MacKinnon has replied to this address in the Gaelic of his own teaching. In order to show the reader the difference between this and the Gaelic of the Gaelic Society of New York, an extract from the letter of Prof. MacKinnon and another from the letter of the Gaelic Society are herewith published. This is from the Gaelic Society:

"Air eagla go saoliidh sibh uach ionnan an teanga ata ann gaeb son pháirt de 'n leabhar sin, so ait eile sa, atá 're icisin air, thuilleoig 246; 'Docriochnuigheadh an leabhrán beag se le h-Easbug Indeedh Gall, an 24 lá de ruhi Aprile sa."

246: "Docriochnulgheadh an leabhrán beag so le h-Fasbug Indseadh Gall. an 24 lade ruhi Aprile sa."

This is from Prof. MacKinnnon's letter:
"Ann an aon ni tha mi meas gu bheil sibh am mearachd. B'e Alastair Mac Pharlain, ministear Chill. Mbeil 'art agus Alastair Domhnullach (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair), an Bard ainmeil gu sorpruichte a rinn an t-atharrachadh mor so. Lean Stiubhartach Chill-fhin, Dughall Buchanan, is sgoilearan eile, an eisempleirsan. Bha cliu na Gaidhlig agus leas nan Gailheal, a muigh 's aig balle, ro dhluth dochridhe nan daoine urramach so. Cha robh lamh aig Seumas Mac-a-Phearsain 's a' ghnothach idir. Cha deachaidh saothair an duine thogantaich sin a chio-bhusiadh 's a' Ghaidig gus an robh an t-ughar aona-bliadhna-deug 's an uaigh; agus anns a' bheagan Gaidhlig a sgrìobh e fein, cha 'n eil am modh-liteachaidh a rier guath na h-Eireann no na h-Alba"

Here is the English of MacKinnon's letters: "Univensity of Edinburgh, Jan. 31, 1891. "Honord Sira: I am very grateful to your society, and I have done what I could to put your letters before the Gaels of Scotland. "It may be that the scholars of this country erred when they changed, about 140 vears ago, the old method of spelling Gaelic. But there was an excuse for them. There were at that time but very few Gaelle books either in Ireland or in Scotland. They were not reading ledell's Bible in Ireland. The Gaels of Scotland could not understand that book very well, that is, in the Roman letter: and it was necessary to make an intermediate language. It was advisable that that holy book should be written in the way which would be easter for the Gaels of Scotland to understand. "In one thing I think you are mistaken. It was Aldister Mackalling, Minister of Kill-

was advisable that that holy book should be written in the way which would be easiest for the Gaels of Scotland to understand.

"In one thing I think you are mistaken. It was Allister MacFariain, Minister of Killmellart, and Allister Donnalach (the son of Master Allister), the celebrated bard, who particularly made this change. Stuart of Killin and Dugaid Buchanan and other sobolars followed their example. The fame of the Gaelic and the improvement of the Gaels, abroad and at home, were very dear to the hearts of these illustrious men. James MacPherson had no hand whatever in the work. The labors of that industrious man were not printed in Gaelic until the author was eleven years in his grave; and in the little Gaelic he himself wrote, the style of spelling is not in accordance with that of Ireland or Scotland.

"It is likely that the Gaels of Scotland will not be too ready to change from the method they have followed in these matters. But there is one way in which they and the Gaels of Ireland, both in this kingdom and in foreign countries, might change their practice; they might read the few Gaelic books we have. It is a disgrace to our race that none but a rich man can print a Gaelic book. We have not in Scotland, as you say, a single Gaelic magazine, and it is with great difficulty, from lack of support, that the zealous Gaels are able to keep one alive in Ireland.

"It would give me great pleasure if you saw it to write to me from time to time concerning the Gaelic and the Gaels beyond the sea.

"I am, with great iove and respect, your true friend.

Don Mackinnon."

Another letter in reply to this will probably be framed by the Gaelic Society, and the controversy is not yet settled.

troversy is not yet settled.

A SHOT-PROOF GHOST. Velleys from Many Guns Have No Bifect on a Spook in Womad's Shape, From the St. Paul Globe.

en a Spook in Womad's Shape.

Prom the St. Paul Gibb.

Chamberlain, S. D., Feb. 20.—For a month or more men living on McCloud's castle ranch, near the mouth of listile Creek, have been startled from their sleep at night by footsteps threading the hails and passageways of the house, doors opening and shutting, and an eccasional laugh of the demoniacal-hair-raising, blood-chilling variety. All these ghostly demonstrations had been looked upon by the inmates of the house as the workings of some practical joker, or imagination, and very little attention was paid to them until about a week ago, when one of the men, about 10 or 11 oclook at night, stepped out of doors. What he saw there almost froze his blood.

Standing in the middle of the yard was a familiar figure, that of a former lady resident of the house, clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A duil, phosphoressent light seemed to be emitted from the shrouded figure, whose back was turned toward the man. Slowly the figure turned, and, with arms extended, its staring eres shining with a duil lustre, it commenced a movement toward the man, who stood spellbound. For a second only did he staut translixed, then with a yell of terror he dashed in upon his comrades within the house. He told his story to the crowd, and a rush was made for the yard to investigate but the spectre had fled. That night the footsteps and noises throughout the house were more frequent and louder, banishing eleep from the eyes of the now thoroughly frightened immates. The next night a watch was kept for the ghostly visitor, but it came not.

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The next night a watch was kept for the ghostly visitor, but it came not.

The next night seventured outside, expecting to find a corpse lying beneath the window. They did not, but instead saw standing about thirty paces from the house she digure of a woman looking at them is proachfully, and seeming to disappeared.

Next morning there was an emigration from the ranch, not even the boldest daring to remain; and now daylight only finds eurious people about the place.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Hills of Lynn. From the Dragen Pobe.

From the Dragen Pobe.

We wandered down the hills of Lynn,
My love and I together:
Olcalas, chanting inp and thin,
Made musical the header?
Within the vale the lamps, like stars,
Shene in the dusk, and ruddy Mare
On high his person floated;
Olove, Olove, a sone belt there
hang for us, miver-throated.

O pleasant are the hills of Lorn
In summer greenly growing.
When stars the twilight usher in;
The reapers from the moving the glade,
An i sarb one watches for the maid
Fo him most dear and pleasing.
While down the lane the leaded waine
Creak after loudly wheezing.

The bills of Lynn, to me se dear,
How shall I tread them lonely?
My sweet love is not with me here,
ton mooil marks one shape only.
One shadow drawn across the grass.
Where once were two, dear love, alas!
I'd fain be here laid sleeping!
For wandering down the hills of Lynn
Alone sets me aweeping.

The hills of Lynn, O the hills of Lynn,
Where we used to walk together,
I wish me dead on the hills of Lynn
As the end of the golden weather;
I wish me dead in a cold cold shroud,
Beneath the withered clover.
For since he has gone has come a cloud
The golden bill slopes over.
ELIMANTE DUTCT.

The Violet-A Sone of Sadness.

From the Atlanta Constitution. In life's last lone December,
There blooms one violet;
But why should I remember
When she can so forget;
She will not meurn or miss it
When cruel frosts shall kill;
But lean. fond lips, and kins is,
For we remember still!

In unknown paths and places.
Her fairy sieps may be,
But still her pictured face is.
The dearest dream to me;
And though the athes above me.
With stormy seemes are set.
The dare syes seam to love me:
An how could they forget?

O, that the winds might wart her This dying violet's breath; That I might follow after And die the violet's death. For then her heart, believing, Would leave, poor, wounded devel Upon my ligh, helf griving. The first, last him of love! PRANK T. BIATTON.

Good Night. From the Oans Oak Hom. "Good night;" the trembling lashes fell And softly klased her sattn chack; He felt her beauty's magic spell; "Good night" was all he dared to speak. And yet her manner had been kind, Her eyes had beamed with friendly light; But he he further speech could find Than those two simple words. "Good night." Than those two simple work hand.

But he had softly pressed her hand,
And met with his her giance, half shy,

And thought "She'll surely understan And as he homeward took his way
With this bright hope his heart was light;
"I may not always need to say
The parting words to her: "Goed night;"

The Pretty Typewriter.

From Puck. With cheeks aglow from kieses of the frost, Bine, laughing eyes, and shiping hair, wind-tossed, She comes in breathless, bright, a little late, Pair as a dream, but pittless as fats. She struggles with her rubbers on the mat, Lays by her jacket and hang up ber hat, Pulls of her gioves, and weetly thoughtful stands Beside the register to warm her handa I look up at her soft "Good morning," then I numble "Morning" and lay down my pen And then her task begins, and, like a Turk, I keep her, how remorselessly, at work, She's my typewriter yet, and I'm her boss; I hear her tell the bookkeeper I am "oross," And "hard to please." Great Scott! that isn's it; If she could only know how hard I'm his! Oh, yes, I scold you, dear; I nag and ye't, Only because you please me far too well; Also because I'd like to knock in two The tail young fellow who walks heme with you

Vain Things Farewell! From the Chicago Daily News. Vain things farewell, you must delight no more.
Old pipe, asileu; you seens the curtain seThe strange she never noticed it before—
A few more purk, old friend, and you must go
No little games of "draw." Well, that's all right:
The boys can visit Charley now, or Ned.
A few more purk, old friend, and you must go
No little games of "draw." Well, that's all right:
The boys can visit Charley now, or Ned.
No "booula aurata," they're tabooad;
I must keep early hours must cut the boys—
In fact, I must be very, very good
And give up all menage de guryen joys.
So the old order passeth; these must go.
These photographs: I'll toes them in the grate.
Clarises, Ma Hella, Pepita, Bounds; ho,
I'lk keep them; but I'll hide them, though, from Kate,
I'lke, pictures, poonia, all under ban;
Vana valete! I'm a married mas.

ENVOY.

Ah! Prince. I'll give you a pointer, as men say;
You, too, shall bid adies to these some day,
And make the sacrifice with fewer sighs.
If only you enjoy them while you may.

Recars Pists.

A New Catechlem.

From the Somerville Journal. #B1 What is it makes this life worth living. Tell me, when all has been said and done? ans: It is the rapture of forgiving.
When you yourself are the guilty one. What makes us all so opposed to dying When so much of hearen we all have heard?

Secause when we're dead there's no replying.
And women must have the final word. MR:

What's your idea of a perfect post.
One to whom all should bow the knee? SHE:
How absurd you are! Well, if you must knew it,
The post who writes of love and ma.

The White, White Rose. O Georgia girl, with the storm black sya.

O Georgia girl, with the storm black sya.

Don't you mind long are when the troops marel
Down the quaint oid town of Maryland.
The scorry little lad in Stonewall a band?
'Twas a beautiful sye of a blue June day.
In his tattered cap and jacket of gray;
You smiled, but you pressed the sun-brown hand
of the sorry little lad in Stonewall's band. O Georgia girl, with the hanging hair tif rusest and gold in the aundown air. Bont you mind that rose from the borderland That you gave to the last in Stonewai's band i Twas a white rose, white as rose could be. And you stood heath the leaves of a maple tree, A queen all crowned. "Twas a beautiful thing, and the lad on the chestnut horse was king.

O Georgia girl, with the tripping fees.
Don t you mind that house on the great big street?
And the bail that night, and the banter-decked hill?
For a beld old rebel was Dr. Regill!
Uh, the waits, and the seat on the winding stair,
And the storm black eyes, and the red-gold hair,
And smile, ah! smile, like the moentime sun,
O Georgia girl, was it all for fun?

O Georgia girl. Was a west far evel of covering girl. Was a west far evel of such ange for the burst of shet and shell at testivaturs. But the roll-red hair, and the eyes and the smile with the rose went there. Up by the guns of the daunties form when the eyes and the smile, and the white, white trose, safe under the clars of that faming cross. But the bullets made merry with the chestnut horse. O Georgia girl. 'tie a long time ago:

Old-age Echoes. From Lippincott's Magazine. SOUNDS OF THE WISTER

Sounds of the winter, too.
Sunships upon the mountains, many a distant strain
From cheery ratiroad train, from nearer field, barn,
house.
The whispering air, even the mute orepa garnered apples, corn.
Chidden's and women's tones, rhythm of many a farmer, and of flating. an old man garraious lipe among the rest: Think not no other out yet.

Forth from these snowy hairs we too keep up the titl. THE UNEXPRESSED.

How dare one say it!

After the cyclea poems, singers plays,
Yaustee lenish India's Homer, whatespears, the long,
long times thick dotted roads, areas,
The shining clusters and the Milky Ways of star, Nature's pulsee reaped.

All retrospective passions, heroes, war, love, adoration,
All ages plumments dropt to their utmost depths,
All buman lives, throats, wishes, brains all experiences'
niteranos; After the countiest songs, or long or short, all tongues, all lands.

Still semething not yet teld in possy's vetoe or print, something lacking.

Who knows't the best yet unexpressed and lacking.

SAIL OUT FOR GOOD, REPOLON FACET! Ball OUT FOR SOOR, MINOLOS VACET!

Heave the anchor short:

Raise the mainsai and jib, steer forth.

O little, white-hull'd sloop, now speed on really deep
valers
(I will not call it our concluding voyage.

But outset and sure entrance to the truest, best, maturest).

Depart, depart from solid earth, no more returning to
these shores.

Now as for aye sur infinite free venture wending.

Spurning all yet tried ports, seas hawaers, destinies,
gravitation.

Sail out for good, endoin yacht of me:

A group of little children with their ways and chatter Like welcome rippling water o'er my heated nerves and SOME QUESTIONS OF ART.

Pictures by Mr. William M. Chase.

Sixty-seven paintings in oil and pastel by Mr. William M. Chase are now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, and will be sold at auction on the evening of March 6. Not one of them is without excellence, and, moreover, al-though a few are studies, rather than pictures in the fuller sense, not one lacks true pictorial interest. Mr. Chape is sometimes named as being, before all, a masterly technician. This he is, but to the painter's hand he adds the painter's eye, the eye which when it sees a thing that it wants to paint sees it as a picture. and not as a mere object of study. Indeed, it is to this strong pictorial instinct that we may lay the fact that sometimes his portraits are not wholly satisfying. Too many painters think so much of the head they have to paint as to forget that, in the doing of it, they must make a picture. Mr. Chase goes at times to the opposite extreme, being so intent on his pleture that he neglects to give the human factor in it the right relative importance. This may be seen in the two large portraits of young women which hang in the gallery just now. although not included in the list of works to be sold. Each is primarily an "arrangement in pink" rather than a portrait-a delightful arrangement, but one in which the character of the sitter is dwelt upon but superficially, and the flesh tones have been somewhat unduly forced into the general pinkish scheme. But it should be said immediately that Mr. Chase does not always work like this. He has painted a number of portraits, among them the admirable small three-quarter length pastel of Mr. Harper that was shown in the Pastel Ex-hibition last spring, which have great excellence as characterizations as well as great pictorial beauty. And to see the power he can display, when he will, in portraying not merely character, but profound emotion, one has only to look at the small figure of an elderly woman which is No. 50 in the present catalogue, and seems to us one of the finest bits of work in its way that has come from a modern brush. An excellent figure study is the "Girl in Black," No. 41, and another is the "Morning Paper," No. 37, where a young girl is reading in a strong light that falls above. Quick brilliancy of handling is the first quality that strikes the eye in this example, but peneath it lie merits of what we may call a more intellectual kind. No hasty sketch could be stronger or defter than the "Spanish Girl," No. 82, and the color is as vigorous and good as the treatment. while in the "Study Head" of a Spanish girl. No. 9. we have an equally interesting example of masterly sketching. Occasionally the artist disturbs the spectator's appreciation by a title which is designed probably to increase it. but fails through evident inappropriateness.

The small nude figure of a girl with her hair covering her face, No. 17, is not a figure of Grief," but a simple study; and the beautiful larger picture of a nude woman crouching on a sofa with her face hidden in her arms, No. 28, is vulgarized, not emproved, by being called a "Modern Mag dalene." Such a title is, however, a thing easily forgotten, and this picture is a gem of handling and color. In the one called "I Am Going to See Grandma." No. 44, the figures of mother and child are less interesting, perhaps, than the treatment of the interior with a flood of sunlight falling through the window; and in "Happy Hours," No. 57, the baby is more successfully characterized than the mother. Finally, in the small pastel, No. 58, we think less of the girl's figure as such than of the scheme of color-a red and pink dress against a background of green follage and pinkish carried out so harmoniously. It is doubtful whether any other American painter could do such a daring piece of work as this so well. nor is the number great of the French painters who might equal it. Mr. Chase's pictures of still life need no re-

commendation, for it was with them that he first conquered the New York public years ago. Here we have the large "Venetian Fish." No. 67, which is an admirable piece of decoration for a wall, as well as a vivid and veracious study of its subject; a sparkling little study called "Two Pois," No. 25; a beautiful larger picture of white peonies, No. 14; and one or

ment connected the New York public years and control of the White Section 1999. The section 1999 and the section 1999 are setting to the section 1999 and the section 1999 are setting to white section 1999 and the section 1999 are setting to white section 1999 are setting to white section 1999 are setting to the section 1999 are setting 1999 are

THE POPE'S BIRTHDAY.

The Oldest Sovereign in Europe Eighty ROME, Feb. 12.-Leo XIII. is the oldest sovereign in Europe. Born on the 2d of March, 1810, on the 2d of March of this year he will consequently enter his 82d year. The Emperor William, who alone was his elder among rulers, has preceded him to the grave. Giovacchio before he was raised to the chair of St. Peter. belonged to a noble, but not wealthy, family of Carpineto Romano, a small town situated among the Alban Hills, off the railroad that leads from Rome to Naples. The little borough, for it is naught else, has nothing to show a stranger save a handful of small tumbledown, smoke-blackened houses. No architectural beauty or archeological interest attracts the visitor to this spot, although the place is picturesquely beautiful enough in site, and its soil is fertile, producing corn. chestnuts, and olives in generous abundance. Goats, too, and swine and poultry thrive in its precincts. Hence the place is not poor, despite its poverty-stricken look. So good are the hams of Carpineto, that "the prisoner of the Vatican" accepts with pleasure the offerings of his faithful fellow townsmen when they take the form, as they usually do. of well-cured hams made from the nimble limbs of the tall, lean, goodtempered pigs which follow their herdsman like sheep over his native hills. The Car-pinetani say their greatest fellow townsman, the Holy Father, is a ciocciaro, i. c., one of those peasants whose costumes are so familiar on canvas and on the shoulders of the models that haunt the streets of Italian towns, men who speak a queer sort of unintelligible patois, and wear the sandal-shoon which flap and clatter on the ground with the sound Cho-Cha-Cho Cha, whence they have received their name. Nor is the Pope Leo the first occupant of the chair of St. Peter who comes from among these hills. The great Innocent III., Gregory IX., Alexander IV., and Boniface VIII. were all ciocciari. Cardinal Antonelli, too, was a ciocciaro. It would seem as though this were specially Papal soil. How strong is the feeling which Lee XIII. ever retained for his family is shown in a letter from him, the first lines written after his election, which is preserved in a gold frame in the house of his fathers. It hangs on the wall over the bed where he was in the habit of sleeping during his visits to his native town. This letter, written with a visibly trembling

hand, runs as follows: DEAR BROTHERS: I write to tell you that the Holy College of Cardinals tas this morning raised my unworthiness to the chair of St. Peter. This the first letter which I write as Pope. It is intended for all my family, for whom I pray to heaven for all happiness, and to whom send in love my apostolie benediction. Pray much

for me to the Lord. LEO XIII. None are now left of the immediate family of his Holiness, which consisted of four brothers and two sisters. The last to die was his brother, Cardinal Giuseppe Pecci a Jesuit, whose death about two years ago was a source of deep grief to the Pope, and on that occasion, as on so many others when grieved or distressed. Leo had recourse to his pen, and wrote a series of sonnets to commemorate his fraternal friend. A nephew and a niece of the Pope both married, are still living at Carpineto, and rightly proud of their papal uncle. Joachim Feed showed an inclination for study in very early life. There is a large chestnut tree in Carpineto, under which he spent many hours in reading. From boyhood the supernatural attracted him strongly. In the year 1818 he entered the Jesuits' College at Viterbo, being then but eight years old. Here he remained for six years. At fourteen he entered the Jesuits' College in Rome. At that time Leo XII, was Pope. The young Joachim often saw him, and the personality of the Holy Father made so strong an impression on him that when he himself assumed the tlara secalled himself by the same name.

Young Peed was a member of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics and frequented distraining school for Jesuit Professors. At twenty he fell lil, partly from overwork. He thought himself dying, and wrote an electy on his prospects of early death, which ended with words which may be thus freely translated:
Trembing anguish shall not conquer me; na nor death himself anguish shall not conquer me; na nor death himself anguish shall not conquer me; na nor death himself anguish shall not conquer me; na nor death himself anguish shall not conquer me; na nor death himself and member of death which meet in his might, diady if await him. The

Trembing angulah shall not conquer me; no, nor death himself in his might, Glady I await him. The joys of this death; ills could never move me. I even louged after the eternal. The mortal enchains not my spirit. He who sees his home after long calls is happy when he sees his bark approaching the haves.

Government (one must use the word, though it may convey a wrong idea) to put a tax on the visitors to the Vatican galleries by asking a franc admission, as is done at the royal galleries and museums in Italy. Some journals made an outery about the idea as if it had been a violation of the law of guarantees, but the fact appears to be that the Pope has a right to ask a price for admission to his galleries, just as any private gentleman would have, because the Vatican is his residence. Why he should be, as it is said he is, in need of the money must give rise to conjecture. Do not the offerings of the Isibful pour in with this profusion which characterized them in other days? Or does the money flow out as tracity that there is none left for art? The charlities of his Holiness, though large, are not large conough, at least his public ones are not. to cover the whole ground. The circumstance is likely to give rise to much conjecture.

Leo XIII. is older than any Cardinal. Since his accession more than sixty Cardinals have died. Among these are three of his secretaries of Riste. Cardinal Franchi, whose death gave rise to grave simpletons of boison; Cardinal Nina, and Cardinal Jacobini. Among them also was his brother. Cardinal Feed.

He studies and writes and reigns from early morn to dewy eve. One of his secretaries teld us that his private correspondence was appainting in its bulk and extension. He reads the newspapers carefully and keeps himself informed of the daily progress of events. He is said to have been infinitely amused with the commence of the daily progress of events. He is said to have been infinitely amused with the commence of the daily progress of events. He is said to bave been infinitely amused with the commence of the daily progress of events. He is said to bave been infinitely amused with the commence of the simplest. He rises early and betakes himself first to his chapel for private prayers, then he says mass, after which he takes his coffee and a slice of bread. Then he commence his works also

A Recent French Description of the Pops. A description of the Pope as he is to-day is given by Jean de Bonneson, who interviewed the Holy Father some three weeks ago: "The first impression," says Bonneson, " is remarkable. The Pope is stready more of heaven than of earth. Life appears to have left the ascetic body that might be taken for the ideal of a clothed soul. The old masters, the mystle painters, often represented the saints so that the elongated bodies appeared to have lost the human form. One of them must return to earth if a correct portrait of Leo XIII, is to be painted. The triumphant smile that played over the features in the jubilee days—the human smile—is gone. The thin lips are closed tighly, and are so pale that the mouth seems merely a line across the face. The great deep-set eyes shine like Oriental pearls of an indescribable hue. With three bendings of the knees I come to the feet of the Holy Father, and I feel a hand, heavy with blessings, laid on my head. During the saudience of seventeen minutes this hand is not once lifted, but presses, heavier and beavier, upon my whole being, whether words of pardon are failing from the Father's lips or comments on contemporary affairs in France." body that might be taken for the ideal of a

FATHER DUMAHUTS MISSION.

To Seek Among Scandinavians for Converts to the Church of Rome, The Rev. Claudius H. Dumahut, a Catholic priest, who is to devote the rest of his life to missionary work among the Scandinavians of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, has just established himself in Brooklyn. He is the only priest thus engaged in the United States. With the approval of Bishop Loughlin Father Dumahut has leased the first story and basement of the three-story frame house at 299 Fifteenth street, near Sixth avenue, in Brooklyn. A pretty little chapel has been formed of the two rooms in the first story. About seventyfive persons can be accommodated comforta-